

To Buy or Not to Buy? There Can Be No Question!

EVERY time you spend a dollar for advertised goods you create employment for somebody.

Every time somebody else spends a dollar for advertised goods they create employment for somebody—maybe for you.

That may sound far-fetched, but if you reason it out you will find that it is so.

The world revolves upon industry.

That which creates industry is the consumption or wearing out of goods, and the buying of other goods to replace them.

Without industry the world would stagnate.

Without steady, persistent buying, industry would cease.

Those who refuse to buy at the present time, because of a false impression regarding values, or for some frivolous reason, retard industry, and by so doing impair the prosperity of themselves, the community they live in and the country at large.

The important thing to remember is, to buy from those who advertise in this paper. These merchants and manufacturers have faith and they are backing their faith with money to stimulate industry and prosperity.

Life Statistics.

If you are a woman you will live longer than the average man. It is an old saying, but very true to-day, in spite of the stress of the modern woman's life and the physical condition to which she is subjected. Statistics prove it to be so.

Nine hundred and five spinsters out of every thousand who have reached the age of 25 live to be 45; 652 out of every thousand reach 65; 119 reach 85, and eight attain the age of 95.

On the other hand only 789 males out of 1,000 who are 25 years old reach 45; 559, 65; 64, 85; and but 3, 95.

In regard to mortality among children, Providence and the law of average seem to strike a fairly even balance. While 20 per cent. more male children die of tuberculosis than females, 25 per cent. more girls than boys die of cancer. Nearly 40 per cent. more girls die of whooping cough than do boys, but asthma is more fatal among male children.

Ears are once more in style and will be much worn this summer.

The arrows of an enemy prove that you are alive. No one shoots at a dead lion.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES RICH IN VITAMINES

MADE IN CANADA

The importance of Vitamines in food is being recognized at the present time to a greater extent than ever before. It has been conclusively demonstrated that yeast is rich in this all important element. Many people have received great benefit physically simply by taking one, two or three Royal Yeast Cakes a day. Send name and address for free copy "Royal Yeast Cakes for Better Health."

E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

ISSUE No. 24-21.

By The Law of Tooth and Talon

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
Louie Vogel, a notorious criminal, is offered \$5,000 by Lebrune to kidnap Judge Graham, terror of evil-doers. As Lebrune leaves "Silver Danny's" saloon, he is observed by Ralph Charlton of the Department of Justice who has dubbed him "The Gray Wolf." Vogel takes the \$1,000 given him to bind the contract to Stella Lathrop, a country girl he had found starving in the city and befriended. Stella is now earning honest wages in a factory and refuses to marry Vogel unless he gives up his evil ways. She has, however, fallen a convert to Bolshevism. Vogel carries out his part. Judge Graham lies bound in a shack some miles out of the city. "The Gray Wolf" demands that the Judge should let certain prisoners off with merely a fine. Threats of death for himself and torture for his son have no weight with the Judge. Charlton becomes suspicious of "The Gray Wolf" and Vogel. Stella Lathrop joins the Inner Council. Charlton visited Stella to find out if she knew of Vogel's whereabouts, and when leaving the hotel saw Lebrune break into her room and Vogel rush to her rescue. Lebrune got the worst of the fight and pursued Vogel and Stella in a motor run to the hut where Judge Graham is imprisoned, but was frightened into returning to the city. Stella insisted upon taking the unconscious Judge with them in their flight to safety. Charlton invaded the Inner Council under guise of a messenger from headquarters, and afterwards Lebrune revealed the secret of the Graham plot. At the shack Lebrune discovered Charlton's identity. Alfred Graham came to his assistance. Judge Graham, on recovering consciousness, finds himself in Stella's mountain home.

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)
He let her go then. Almost immediately a lanky mountaineer, with grizzled hair and beard, clad in homespun, appeared in the doorway. His rusty hat was held in his hand and he fumbled it nervously. Catching the eyes of the Judge fixed upon him, he essayed to make a respectful bow, then came to the bedside.

"My gal done tole me as how you was better, Judge, and I cum in to pay my respects," he said. "I ain't jest'ly zactly figured out how she happened to bring you and that air city feller along with her, but you air welcome, Judge. We all don't take no truck with strangers in the mountains ez a rule, but if Stel' says as how you air all right they ain't no one in the Cove goin' to question it. My name is Bill Lathrop, and Stell, the red-headed gal what has been a-nursin' of ye, is my daughter."

"Thank you for your hospitality, Mr. Lathrop," said Judge Graham, extending his hand. "I am Judge Graham of the Federal Court and I am not quite clear in my own mind just how I happen to be here, but I am sure that everything is all right. However, if some one can be induced to take it to the nearest telegraph office, I should like to send a message to my family."

"Sartin, Judge, sartin. One of the boys'll be glad to tote it to Jasper and hev the agent there send it. I'll see if I kin rustle up a bit of paper and a pencil."

"You will find both in the pocket of my coat, which I see hanging on a nail on the wall," pointed out the jurist. The mountaineer found them and brought them to the bedside. Roughly, but evidently trying to be tender, he propped Judge Graham up while the message was written.

Then he took it and departed in search of one of his male progeny to send to the station, eighteen miles over the mountains. For the Cove was an isolated community unto itself, separated from the nearest town by almost impenetrable mountains, ravines and tangles of timber and underbrush. High on all sides of it rose great peaks of virgin timber through which here and there ran an occasional "hog trail." Only the shaggy mountain horses and mules and the sure-footed men and women of the region traverse them in safety. To a stranger they offer well-nigh insurmountable obstacles.

Stella Lathrop had not told Judge Graham of this. She had not mentioned that she and Louie had brought him in the automobile as far as ran the traveled road, had hidden the car in a lonely spot in the woods and then that the girl, leaving the unconscious man to the mercies of the thug, had crossed the mountains in the night and sent back her father with instructions to get some of the neighbors and bring the Judge to the Lathrop cabin in a rudely contrived stretcher of their own making. Of the struggle to lug his dead weight these long miles he learned only many months later.

On the porch of the cabin "Big Louie" Vogel sat in disgusted silence. He realized that he had been permitted to find sanctuary here only on suffering and because Stella had vouched for him. But he could not ignore the fact that these mountain folk at whom he secretly was quite willing to sneer as "hicks," kept him constantly under their eye. Even when he chose to stroll beyond the confines of the clearing in which the cabin was situated he had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being watched. And it irked him. Mentally he cursed himself as a fool for having listened to Stella and permitting her to bring him here at all. The mountains awed him. Already he was quite homesick for the smoky, impure breath of the city in his nostrils, for the electric lights, the thronged streets that were all the life he had known.

His eyes saw none of the grandeur of these towering peaks, their majesty impressed him not in the least. The glorious handiwork of Nature he dubbed "a hell of a lot of hills and trees." Visions of being compelled to remain there indefinitely until the hue and cry which already he felt sure was raised against him in the city from which he had fled, nauseated him. He was sullen and morose, and not even the beauty of Stella, her evident willingness to believe that he had buried his past behind him and thus would make himself worthy of her, was sufficient to arouse the spark of love which heretofore she had kindled in his breast.

The presence there of Judge Graham complicated matters. Vogel felt sure that the moment the jurist was able to travel the mountain folk would escort him to the railroad and permit him to go home. And in that moment "Big Louie" felt sure that the danger to himself would become a real menace. He had no hope that, back in his home city, the Judge should not learn that he, Vogel, was wanted in connection with the kidnaping and would put the officers of the law on his trail. Why had he permitted himself to listen to Stella and bring the Judge to the shack? Far better to have left him to die or live, as might happen, in the cellar of the shack. He cursed himself for a "softy."

So it was in no pleasant frame of mind that he heard Bill Lathrop summon his son and bid him take the message to the railroad station. "Who's that message to?" he demanded. Stella already had told him that Judge Graham was conscious and apparently none the worse for his experience, barring a little weakness. The grizzled mountaineer did not reply. He had no liking for this hulking brute of the city.

"Let's see it," continued Vogel and essayed to take it from Lathrop's hand. He found his wrist clutched in a vise-like grip and above him the steely eyes of the mountain man glittered dangerously. "The Judge didn't say nothin' 'bout showin' it to you," said Lathrop. "Up here in the mountains we ain't in the habit of forcin' ourselves into other people's business." He handed the slip of paper to his grinning son, released Vogel and turned his back on him. For a moment the hand of the gunman stole toward the butt of the revolver under his coat, then it stopped midway and he contented himself with brushing off the spot where Lathrop's fingers had closed about his wrist.

Judge Graham was able to leave the bed after he had eaten and rested. Piloted by Stella on one side and her father on the other, he hobbled to the porch and sank gratefully into a rocker that had long done duty for many generations of Lathrops. The rare air of the mountains was bracing. He sniffed hungrily at the odor of pine and balsam. It had been years since he had been in the woods, and the effect on him was magical. Somehow, in his blood, almost lost through years of city life, there ran a strain of the mountaineer and, in its natural element, it leaped into being once more. He leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes.

When he opened them again they rested upon the morose features of Louie Vogel. The gunman again had sat down upon the porch and was viciously whittling a piece of wood. Judge Graham had never seen him before, he knew nothing of his history, but his discerning eye, if not the clothes that Vogel wore, told him that this was no simple child of Nature. There was the earmark of the slums in his every motion and attitude. The Judge knew that he must be that "city fellow" of whom Lathrop had spoken as having accompanied him and Stella there. It puzzled Judge Graham. What could this man have to do with a girl, kindly, gentle, sweet and beautiful, like Stella?

"It is splendid out here?" he said aloud.

Vogel's grunt might have been interpreted in any way.

"You do not seem to care for it," added the Judge.

"None." Then Vogel's temper flared up. "I'm sick of it. And these d-d hill-billies make me tired. And the grub! 'Sowbilly and cawn pone.' He snarled disgustedly. "I wish to Gawd I was in the city then!"

"Why don't you go then?" asked the Judge. "If I felt that way I wouldn't stay for a minute."

"I can't go because—" Vogel chopped the words off short. In his disgust he had almost betrayed the reason why he couldn't return—"because I promised a certain party to stay here a while." He finished weakly.

He arose, snatched the blade of his knife, thrust it into his pocket and stalked away. For he was not of a mind to continue the conversation. He had heard of this Judge who could tell when a man was lying, and whose uncanny ability to read minds that did not want to be read, had made him the terror of wrongdoers.

Judge Graham shook his head. "Something wrong with that chap," he thought. "I've seen men like him before. It is with such men that our prisons are filled."

Bill Lathrop emerged from the cabin and sat down on the edge of the porch. His eyes followed the bulky form of "Big Louie" disapprovingly. But he said nothing. It was against the mountain code to speak forced to regard a guest, and he was disparagingly of Vogel as such, unwelcome though he might be. He had overheard some of the gunman's remarks about "hill-billies," too, and they had not been pleasant to him.

"You-all air a Judge, Stell tells me," he said. The Judge nodded. "There is somethin' been a-worryin' me," continued the mountaineer. "I gits a paper oncet in a while and hit air always a-knockin' the Government. I can't do much more'n read it I spell out the letters and lots of big words I don't pretend to understand at all, but hit tells of how purty soon we folks what air poor air goin' to have a chance to change things. All of us is to be alike and share and share alike, the paper sez. The rich men is a-goin' to give up their money and hit'll be divided amongst all the people. But hit don't sound reasonable to me that airy rich man is a-goin' to give up anythin'." The paper sez the way this is a-goin' to be brung about is by overthrowin' the Government and puttin' in another made up of such we-unis. I kinder thought that meb-ber you-all, bein' a Judge, might explain hit ter me."

SONG WRITERS I revise songs for publication. Music set to melodies. Music transposed and orchestrated. JULES BRAZIL, Professional Song Arranger, 41 Gerryley Ave., Toronto.

continued the mountaineer. "I gits a paper oncet in a while and hit air always a-knockin' the Government. I can't do much more'n read it I spell out the letters and lots of big words I don't pretend to understand at all, but hit tells of how purty soon we folks what air poor air goin' to have a chance to change things. All of us is to be alike and share and share alike, the paper sez. The rich men is a-goin' to give up their money and hit'll be divided amongst all the people. But hit don't sound reasonable to me that airy rich man is a-goin' to give up anythin'." The paper sez the way this is a-goin' to be brung about is by overthrowin' the Government and puttin' in another made up of such we-unis. I kinder thought that meb-ber you-all, bein' a Judge, might explain hit ter me."

Judge Graham did not reply immediately. He was thinking that even in this far-away place the Bolshevik serpent had reared his head. He had heard of a mysterious paper, secretly published, which had for its purpose the instillation of the subtle poison of Bolshevism in the minds of the ignorant and the unwary. And in these mountains, out of touch with everyday affairs, these simple folk offered a fertile field.

"It's just another case of a lot of danged fools monkeyin' with a buzz saw," he said finally. Unconsciously he was trying to talk the language of the other man would understand. Gone was the dignified polish of the man of law as he strove to put himself on a plane that would make all

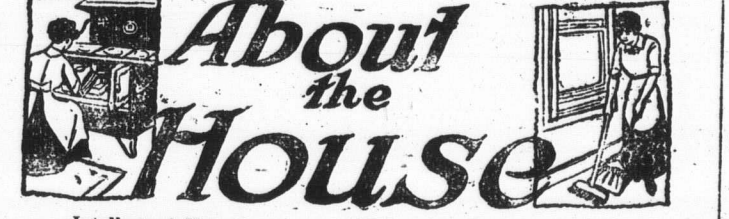
he was about to say easy of comprehension to this man. "No, sir, those that promise you things free, things for which you have not done honest labor, are trying to pull the wool over your eyes and make you turn the grindstone while they sharpen an ax. What they really want is a chance to destroy the Government and set up one that will allow them to run things, to loot the banks, to take away the property of those who have it, to make slaves of women and girls and to kill those who oppose."

"Mr. Lathrop, if those danged traitors got hold of things, the country would run red with the blood of their victims. None of our lives would be safe unless we were worse than they are. Up here in God's blessed mountains they are trying to set some of you at the throats of the others. They wouldn't be satisfied until you had a little riot of your own in this very cove. No, sir, they are liars and traitors and if they succeeded in deceiving you into supporting them they would turn upon you and wipe you out the minute you discovered that their promises are only the stuff of which dreams are—"

He stopped abruptly, for the mountaineer had leaped to his feet and was staring with popping eyes at something in the sky. "Gosh, that there's the biggest bird I ever seen," he exclaimed. Judge Graham caught sight of it then and his ears heard distinctly the roar of a powerful motor. "That is an airplane," he explained. "Some Army flier on a long flight, I suppose. My boy was one in France," proudly.

"Fust one I ever seen. That's why I thought it wuz a bird," explained the mountaineer, shamefacedly. "Why it's turned and is comin' back." (To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians



Intellectual Honesty.
The chief need of to-day is intellectual honesty.

It is as essential to women as to men. Some men can judge themselves without juggling the scales, but few women can.

It is easy to be truthful and fair to a neighbor, but hard to keep from deceiving and fibbing to one's self.

If Canadian girls are to be happy and contented as future wives and home-makers they must tell themselves the truth.

I cannot impress too earnestly upon our girls the importance of being honest toward themselves in little things as well as big ones. If you spoil a cake in the cooking don't say, "I didn't mean to do it that way" or "Something went wrong with it." Instead, say to yourself: "I made a failure of this cake. I am going to make a success of the next one."

When a garment you have made for yourself does not fit you or look as nice as you would like it, don't blame the material or the pattern or the sewing machine. Just confess that you made a poor job of it and try to do better.

Weigh yourself on the same scales, figuratively, that you would have your butcher weigh the meat you buy and which you seldom take the pains to look at while he is weighing it. See that you get your money's worth out of yourself. The worst cheated person is the self-cheated one.

Woman is destined to become a far greater factor in our economic life than she ever has been. Rouge won't cover a defect in character, nor will a wig keep hair from falling out or turning gray. Life is full of mistakes and those who make the fewest are those who realize and admit them as they make them.

The person who won't admit a fault is intellectually dishonest. He or she is handicapped at the start. The kitchen is the first fundamental of the home. The entire family usually has to suffer for the mistakes made by the cook. That is the reason why there is an increasing demand for training in scientific housekeeping, cooking especially.

Infallible laws of nature punish intellectual dishonesty in the home, and, unfortunately, as a rule, the innocent suffer along with the guilty.

In these trying times the housewife has a most important part. She should keep a budget. She should know exactly how much she has to cover every branch of her housekeeping and she should so conduct her affairs as to make her books balance. She should make her figures as well as herself tell the truth. She must be careful, cautious and accurate. The foundation of all happiness is honesty, and the cornerstone of all society is happiness.

The woman who refuses to cheat herself is not so likely to be cheated by others.

An Antique Bazaar.
A correspondent writes of a novel, practicable and instructive entertainment that those who originated it—two women members of a church organization—introduced to their townspeople under the title of an antique bazaar.

The women visited everyone whom they knew had old relics in their possession—household articles that had been in the family for years—and explained that they should lie to borrow the things, exhibit them and charge a small admission fee to the exhibition.

Used Autos

BRABKEY SELLS THEM; USED cars of all types; all cars sold subject to delivery up to 300 miles, or less run of same distance if you wish, in as good order as purchased, or purchase price refunded. **BRING** mechanic of your own choice to look them over, or ask us to take any car to city representative for inspection. Very large stock always on hand. **Brabkey's Used Car Market** 402 Yonge Street, Toronto

ous articles answered the many questions that were asked. The collection contained old rugs and tapestries, spinning wheels, samplers, silver, brass, copper and pewter ware, pottery, an old leather fire bucket, a yellowed, hand-made dress in which some one's great-grandmother had been christened and a man's high hat that was two hundred and fifty years old. One table carried military relics of every Canadian struggle from the Indian wars to the Great War.

At the end of the evening girls dressed in historical costumes served coffee and doughnuts. The unpretentious refreshments tasted the better for being offered by waitresses in the picturesque dresses of the French regime, the flowered muslins and frilly kerchiefs of early Colonial days, or the quaint, high-waisted frocks of a later time.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

The Warm Chinook.

Oh, the warm Chinook is blowing in the West. And the emerald is glowing in the breast. Of the broad and billowed prairie Where the warm Chinook will tarry, While the birds are making merry, in the West.

Now the fields are growing golden in the West. And a baby bird is holding to his nest. But to-morrow he'll be trying. And the next day he'll be flying. Where the warm Chinook is sighing, in the West. —Cy. Warman.

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Most Comfortable and Economical of Summer Shoes

FLEET FOOT

ENJOY the greatest foot comfort you have ever known in summer by wearing FLEET FOOT. Enjoy the economy of having several pairs of FLEET FOOT at the cost of one pair of good leather shoes.

Wear FLEET FOOT right through the summer. Put on FLEET FOOT heavy shoes for work about the fields, garden and barn. Have the FLEET FOOT style shoes, oxfords and pumps to wear when work is done.

There are FLEET FOOT styles for every summer need, for men, women and children. Put the whole family in FLEET FOOT this summer. Genuine FLEET FOOT shoes have the name **FLEET FOOT** stamped on them. Look for it.

Ask your Shoe Dealer for Fleet Foot and make sure you get Fleet Foot